County Court.

J. H. Stuart, judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

Officers.

...Com'th. Atty. Barnes Gillespie James Bandy, Sheriff.
Juo. W. Crockett, Deputy Sheriff. H. P. Brittain. .. Deputy. G. McCall.. .. County Surveyor. P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools, Address, Snappe, Va.

THE CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:80 P. M. Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 7:30. P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Meeting of Epworth League each Sunday at 3 p. m., the third Monday night of each month being devoted to

literary work.

A most cordial welcome is extended to all. J. S. FRENCH, Pastor.

Christian Church.

Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays at 7 p. m. and 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Saturday night at 7 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday at 9.30 a. m. PHILIP JOHNSON, Pastor.

Rev. Mowbray's Appointments. Preaching at Pleasant Hill Church 1st Sabbath in the month at 11 a. m.; and at White Church the same day at 3 p. m.

Preaching the Third Sabbath at White Church 11 a. m.; in the afternoon at o,clock at Pleasar, Hil Church.

SECRET ORDERS.

XX CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. Meets first Monday in each month.

JAMES O'KEEFFE, E. C.

V G. YOUNG, Recorder.



O'KEEFFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER

Meets second Monday in each O. G. EMPSCHWILLER, H. P. W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE,
NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the third Monday in each L. C. WINGO, W. M.

W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.



TAZEWELL COUNCIL NO. 119, JR. O. U. A. M. Meets every Monday night in their hall on Main St. C. T. PATTON, C J. R. LAIRD, Sec'y.

PAZEWELL TABERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS.

Meets 4th Monday in each month. AMES O'KEEFFE, Chief. W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

BLUEGRASS LODGE, NO. 142, I.O.O.F.



Meets every Tuesday night. Lodge room over Pobst's store. C. A. Steele, N. G. M. J. HANKINS, V. G. C. C, Long, Sec'y.

CAMPMENT, No. 17,



in tall of Bluegrass Lodge, No. 142. W. D. BUCKNER, C. P.

A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM. W. LANDON, P. C. P.

TAZEWELL LODGE NO. 100 K. OF P. Meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows Hall.

R. M. STEELE, C. C. J. B. CRAWFORD, K. of R. &. S.

LAWYERS. A J. & S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Taze-well, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT GLAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and Court of Appeals at Wytheville. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

TULTON & COULLING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tasewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tasewell county. S. M. B. Couling will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. H. Fulton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. B. Couling,

GREEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell via. Practice! in the courts of Tazewell and adming counties. Office-Stras building. Edgas L. Greever, Barns Gillespie.

GEO. W. ST CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW Greatwell, Va. Practices in the courts of Take wall and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytherille. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office—

H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Taze-well county and the Court of Appeals at Wythe-ville. Collecting a specialty.

NCENT L. SEXTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, szewell, Va. Will practice in the course of sewell and adjoining counties. Particular attion paid to the collection of claims. Office in a brillion.

W B. SPRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Rich-well and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ta: well ivs. Land titles in McDowell and Logan coun-ties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office in Stras-pullding.

HENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS, Taxewell, Va. Homee in building near Court House. R. R. Henry. S. C. Graham. B. W. Stras.

many true soldiers and brave men unc received notice the night before! He brought ferth a small package wrapped in tissue paper and unfolded it. It contained a photograph, four letters and a tiny Testament. He silently handed me the first, and, leaning forward, struck a match so that I could see it the The flickering light disclosed the face of a beautiful woman-a wom an whom I knew.

"We are engaged," he said, simply. I looked at him, astonished. Despite our intimacy, this was the first time he had spoken of it. He read my glance. "It has been too sacred to speak of, even to you. I have not been able to

if I fall." He replaced the packet within his

"It only happened the night before I left," he explained. "I had not dared to dream of it before. I hope-I hope that she will not remain unmarriedshe was born to be happy. This must not mar her life-tell her so."

he lay down beside me and turned his boyish face once more to the twinkling stars. Though we neither of us slept, we lay silent on that Cuban hillside till the dawn of day.

How calm he was, and forgetful of all save duty, as he received his orders and formed his men for that bloody charge! We found him at night after the guns were still and the rattle of the musketry had ceased, lying on his back where he had fallen, the cold starlight bathing his still, upturned face. He clutched his breast with his left hand, his right, grasping his sword, was outstretched, straight. I removed the package. It was blood-stained-a bullet had passed through it.

The fever took hold of me, and, heartsick and footsore, I crawled down to Siboney and boarded the first returning transport. At the post office on shore-composed of a tent and attended by a government official, who, poor fellow, died soon of the wellow fever-I found some letters and carried them on board ship with me to enjoy the treat of reading them at leisure, and then I noticed that one was addressed in the same handwriting as that of the letters to Allan Clave, written by the woman to whom he was engaged. I said that I knew her-that explains it. The letter had been forwarded to me from Tampa, and this is what it said:

"New York, June 10, 1898.—Dear Cousin Andrew: As usual, I have gotten myself into a horrible mess and turn to you to help me out. You remember last spring I vis-Ited an army post, where the —th infan-try were stationed? I had a desperate filrtry were stationed: I had a desperate mix-tation with an awfully dear fellow named Lieut. Allan Clave. The regiment was or-dered to the front. He was fearfully in earnest, and I suppose I was carried away by the excitement and glory—at any rate, you know that I am impressionable. But you know, too, that I cannot keep that sort of thing up long—don't blame me, I can't help it, it's the way I'm made. I have tried to write him regularly at Tampa, and his letters—well, it's got to be stopped, for his sake. Now, I thought you might be able to see him, and perhaps you could explain. I simply can't write. Paint me jet black if it will do any good, only do it, and I shall be everlastingly grateful. Tell him that it was all a foolish mistake. I—"

I dropped the letter as if it had stung me. I was almost alone on the after deck of the transport. We were slowly working our way along th Cuban I took Allan's blood-stained rous type of manhood which combines packet from the inner pocket of my coat and slowly unrolled it. I looked at the photograph a minute, then struck ness, fairly successful in professional a match and lit it and the letters, including the one that I had just been reading-one by one, and let them consume in my hand till but a fragment remained, when I threw them out into the swirling wake of the ship, where for a moment they made a fiery trail with his discretion it was his instinct to sim- which the copper rays of the setting sun mingled, and then they disappeared

The little Testament with the clean

He Fenred to Presume. brooch of exquisite workmanship. Twenty francs, monsieur," said the

ig, "and I do not know ze young demoiselle!"-Youth's Companion.

Effect of Ton.

the Caribean, under the lee of those ablts of the drinker. Its stimulus is eculiarly grateful to the aged, who ave been accustomed to drink it.— Medical Notes of the Pittsburgh Disbatch.

> lole in the stern of the ark under the vater line. What shall we do?" Noah-Plug up the hole and then ang that mule up by the ears for two ours in the retribution room. And still people wonder why mules have long ears .- Ohio State Journal.

There are only two types "ndeed!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne. "es, only two." "and which are they?"

"Hondes and brunettes."-Washing

Tiev were engaged. "life," she said, as she arose from the flano stool, "will be one long, sweet songafter we are married."
"That settles it, then," firmly ponded her lover, as he took his hat and leparture. - Stray Stories.

A girl never believes a man when he tills her he isn't worthy of her love, but before she has been his wife told her the truth.-Chicago Daily New ..

She Learns to Believe It.

solis gold, three feet long, and contain among its ornaments 268 diamoris, 360 rubies and 15 emeralds .-Cinennati Enquirer.

Conldn't Break It. your inderstand your servant Into home.

Thawn-Yes, she left our that k heaven, she couldn't de--N. Y. World.

INVENTIONS RUN CURRENT.

It Often Happens That Several Brain. Generally Evolve the same Idea Simultaneously.

"A man in my line of business," said a local attorney who makes a specialty of patents, "has an exceptional opportunity for finding out that great minds run in the same direction. It is a remarkable fact that fully seven-eighths of the important mechanical appliances of the past 50 years have been the subject of litigation on the ground of priority of invention. In almost every instance it was clearly shown that different people, sometimes as many as five or six, were at work on the same idea at the same time, each unknown to the other. A somewhat plausible explanation has been advanced for these remarkable coincidences," continued the lawyer. "It is, in brief, that certain universal needs suggest similar trains of thought to active minds, and in searching for the best remedy they fall insensibly into the same channel. This is only another way of saying that necessity is the mother of invention, but it is hard to apply the theory to scores of devices that were certainly not the subject of any specified demand. Take the telephone, for in-"At the time Prof. Bell was perfect-

ing his instrument at least three other inventors were developing the same thing and he beat them to the patent office by a mere scratch. Everybody remembers the long and bitter contest that ensued, and I believe, personally, that each of the parties to it was in entire good faith, although it is almost impossible to convince an inventor, under such circumstances, that there has been no fraud. Every man believes firmly that the other fellows have stolen his idea. The arc light, the incandescent light, the X-ray apparatus, the typewriter and the gas engine are a few of the big things I call to mind at random in which there was the same coincidence of thought.

"Two of the latest and most remarkable instances in point are wireless telegraphy and liquid air. The fundamental principles of both were old and had been experimented with and discarded as impracticable. Then suddenly, after the lapse of years, two groups of inventors began the task of development. In wireless telegraph Marconi had three rivals-one an American, but he was fortunate enough to get out his patents ahead of the others. Who built the first liquid air appara us is at present in dispute, and two companies, each headed by a claimant, are now in full blast in New York. If ever you have an extra good idea you would do well to secure the protection of a patent without delay. It is 50 to 1 that some other chap is pegging away at exactly the same thing."—N. O. Times-

A GREAT JUMPER.

Story of a Horse That Cleared Chasm of Twenty-One Feet to Escape a Grissly.

Not many horses trained in steeplechasing and ridden by skilled jookeys could make a clear jump of 21

When George King, the cowboy, started out to "round up" a herd of cattle that was pasturing in the valleys of the Santa Ana river he invited an Indian, Juan Machado, to accompany him and help him in the cattle driving. Machado was on the point of agreeing, when King said jokingly: "We will take our guns along, and we might get a fat bear."

Immediately the Indian appeared to be in a state of abject terror and refused to take the trip, assuring King that the grizzly bear always over-heard such threats and that hunters who announced their object were sure to be eaten up. Laughing at the Indian's superstition, King started on without him.

A day or two afterward he was following a lonely trail alone. The trail led through a dense thicket and was near the border of a dangerous gulch. Suddenly the pathway made a slight curive and disclosed to the cowboy's sight a monster grizzly gnawing at the quivering flesh of a newly killed yearling. Now, of all circumstances calculated to excite a grizzly the in- fight, whether the man with whom he terruption of his meal is the surest. Therefore, when the mounted cowboy rode almost upon him, he rushed for

ward with a terrifying growl. The little horse needed no spurs, but darted onward through the brush with incredible swiftness, the angry bear following close behind. In a moment the horse and rider were on the was not a man in the parish to whom he edge of the gulch, and there was no had not done something, and it was a room for turning. King and his horse favorite joke with the wags of the both knew that. There was but one neighborhood that the fighting squire thing to do. King raised the bridle reins, the little horse gathered her pened to go through a whole day withlegs beneath her, sailed straight out killing or hurting some one, which through the air-and landed safely on did not happen often, as you may supthe edge of the opposite bank.

The chasm was 21 feet across. And the Indian said: "I told you so. I pute about the speed of a horse or the told you the bear would hear you.' -St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Effect of Ten.

Tea derives its beneficial qualities not | which no one could ride but himself, from its supply of nutrition, for it sup- with his hat cocked fiercely over one eye plies none, but from its affording and his heavy whip in his hand, ready tem is to diminish the waste, thus mak- dare to get in his way; but it was seling less food necessary at the time tea dom enough that he had a chance of ed depends largely upon the previous coming down the road everybody took peculiarly grateful to the aged, who dog. have been accustomed to drink it .-Medical Notes of the Pittsburgh Dis- coffee room of the King George, where

An Important Matter. "Elizabeth scared us all nearly to

death by sending back a telegram." "Had she forgotten something?" "No; she wired us not to eat all the apple-butter while she was gone."-Detroit Free Press.

Galantine of Veal. Take a breast of veal, beat it as flat as possible, and sprinkle with salt, pep per and pounded spice. Then lay the inside upward and brush it over with beaten egg, then cover with a layer of thin lean ham. Mix together one pound of Bullocksham. But this belief, though ling! of pork sausage meat, the thinly pared | correct enough in the main, was not enrind of a lemon chopped very fine, herbs and parsley, a little cayenne and whom he had never quarreled, for the mie's shadow, she seized scissors, mace, the juice of a lemon and the simple reason that the most quarrel- snipped savagely, still singing softly. whitesof three hard boiled eggs cut very some man alive could scarcely have fine, and spread this forcement over the managed to get any cause of dispute ham. Loy the three hard boiled yolks out of dear old Jabez Goodharte, the Sallie started—seemingly surprisedalong the center, and roll the veal up Quaker. for , year she discovers that he has tight; bind it with tape, sew it in a cloth, stew it gently for four hours, every kind, "friend Jabez" had but one sounds soft. Say something sensible. then place between two flat dishes, with answer, and that was to smile his own heavy weights on the top, and leave till pleasant, kindly smile and say in his est Sallie, set something soon." Sallie cold. Take it from between the dishes, remove the cloth and the tapes, and put on a dish covered with parsley .- Phila- that it taketh two to make a quarrel, isfied.

> Man and Woman. A woman likes to be told she looks fresh, but a man doesn't .- Chicago Daily News.

Work and Rest. The best workers are those who know

grumoled at everyone eise, twisten mis crabbed visage into a kind of wintry smile as Mr. Goodharte passed, and had even been known to wish him a merry Just a Christmas-a most unheard-of stretch of cordiality for him. Two hulking wagoners fighting in the market place had been stopped by Jabez Cough stepping fearlessly in between them

Not worth paying attention o, you say. Perhaps you

It's annoying because you have a constant desire to

because you remember that

weak lungs is a family failing.
At first it is a slight cough.
At last it is a hemorrhage.
At first it is easy to cure.
At last, extremely difficult.

Ayer's

Cherry

lungs if you cough.

LIFE'S PATHWAY.

A maiden 'neath the linden stood

One fragrant summer day; The breezes rippled through the wood

A woman to the linden came, With children at her knee; They plucked the lily's ruddy fiams,

For her the robin's clearest lay,
The sweets of bush and bine.
"Life is so bright," she said, "to-day,
If only wealth were mine!"

An aged woman passed,
When shadows deepened o'er the lea,
Uncertain, vague and vast.
"Oh love may fall," she said, "and gold
Grow dark as humid sod;
Life's path is fair, when all is told,

Because it leads to God."

-Lalia Mitchell, in Good Housekeeping.

A New Kind of Duel.

By DAVID KER.

gerald, popularly known as "Fighting

nis neighbors. If so, he certainly ful-

He seemed to have no other object in

down, shooting or "pinking" with a

small sword, every man who could be

brought to give him the chance, our

worthy Mr. Fitzgerald had made such

favorite joke with the wags of the

could not sleep at night if he had hap-

contradict or oppose him.

so; for he was a great, brawny fellow,

six feet high and quite as ready with

his fists as with his sword or pistol, and

wasn't a man within ten miles of his

house whom he couldn't thrash easily."

was his favorite boast that 'there

than most men do.

And laughed in careless glee;

Beneath the bending linden tree

Pectoral

It annoys you also

to, you say. Perhaps have had it for weeks.

and joining their huge brown hands in his with a few words of kindly reproof. Even stiff old Lord Ivytower, the proudest man in the whole county, had condescended to shake hands cordially with Mr. Goodharte and to give him five pounds for "his poor;" for Jabez seemed to consider all the poor of Bullocksham as his own especial property, and was always trotting about with

baskets of food and bundles of flannel, now sitting up all night with a sick child, now reading to a blind old woman, and now putting an unemployed man in the way of getting a job. Hitherto Fitzgerald had let his quiet little neighbor contemptuously alone, as not being a fighting man; but at length something occurred to make him change his mind. News reached him through one of those countless individnals who attend to everybody's affairs but their own that Jabez Goodbarte had been heard to say, in answer to a neighbor who was warning nim agains

Fighting Tom: "Fear not, friend; if Themas Fitz gerald seeketh to harm me, I am wel able to overcome him."

Half an hour later the man of was stood in the little garden of the man o

hacking cough.

There is no doubt about "Mr. Goodharte," said he, in a tone of the cure now. Doubt comes stern politeness, as the Quaker came from neglect.

For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time. forward from among his flowers with his usual smile of welcome, "my name is Thomas Fitzgerald, and I dare say you will be at no loss to guess my er

"I shall guess it more easily, friend Thomas, when thou hast stated it thyself," answered Jabez, quietly. Meen one of Dr. Ager's Cherry "Well," said Fitzgerald, rather taken Pectoral Plasters over Hour

aback by this cool reception, after having so long made the whole neighborhood tremble at his very name. "I hear Shall we send you a book on this subject, free? that you, sir, have thought fit to say that you were able to beat me if I should Our Medical Department. attack you, and, of course, such an ex-If you have any complain, whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. ATER,
Lowell, Mass. pression can have but one result among men of honor. You understand me, I presume?"

"Perfectly, friend; thou wishest me to do what in the language of the world is called fighting a duel." "Just so," said Fitzgerald, more and

more astonished both at the Quaker's dignity of shoes. unexpected readiness to fight and at "Name your friend, and I'll send mine was wanted.

Like sportive elves at play.
They touched her cheek, her braided hair.
They kissed her lips and brow.
The maiden smiled. "Life is so fair,
Could love but bless it now!" such a purpose. Hear my conditions: We will meet at noon to-morrow on Wantley common, without seconds, on to allow an Indian to ride as far as the horseback, and with such weapons as boat goes, or as far as he wants to, for each may choose; and whichever is first a quarter, and it is seldom that a brave driven off the ground shall be consid- shows up at a steamboat dock with ered beaten."

> Quaker to be an authority on dueling. Well, sir, I accept your terms, such as they are; and the sooner you make your will, and take leave of your

enough time left.' Long before noon on the following as if either the king himself or a mon- or a note from the manager, Battle Ax ster circus had been expected to pass had nothir; else to do. It was thus that that way. It still wanted a few min- he ran into Archie Scott. utes of 12 o'clock, when a clatter of horse hoofs was heard from the direction of the town, and up rode Tom Fitz- I have seen. Where are your feathers?"

not hear them-that Squire Fitz-Suddenly a hum ran through the ex-Tom," was born to be the plague of all pectant crowd, and, just as the first stroke of 12 pealed from the old church filled the purpose of his birth better tower, Jabez Goodharte was seen jog- I'll just turn you over to the traffic ging comfortably along on an ambling pony, holding in his hand something that looked like a long pole, though the life except finding a quarrel to fight out, end of it was hidden under his crim-

or else fighting out a quarrel that he had found. When no pretext for a row was to be had, Fighting Tom was the son dressing-gown. This dressing-gown, fluttering in the quickest man alive at inventing one; wind like a flag, was too much for the and, indeed, it seemed to be all one to nerves of Fitzgerald's horse, which behim, provided the affair ended in a gan plunging and rearing so violently as almost to unseat its rider. fought had done anything to him or

Several of the lookers-on burst out laughing, and the enraged bully, hurl-What with horsewhipping, knocking ing a storm of abuse at them, charged at Goodharte with drawn sword, meaning to cut him down like a thistle. But just then Jabez whisked out his pole, with a bladder full of dried peas good use of his opportunities that there at the end of it, the rattle of which

scared the already frightened horse almost out of its senses. Round it wheeled, despite Fitzgerald's furious spurring, and tore off across the common at such a rate that in less than two minutes horse and rider were out of sight, the frantic yells of the

squire being scarcely heard amid the pose, in times when gentlemen fought deafening laughter of the crowd. with their best friends for a chance dis-Then the flood of popular enthusiasm broke loose. The victorious Quaker color of a dog.

It was a sight to see this terrible felinto the town, with an accompaniment
into the town, with an accompaniment was selzed and carried shoulder-high low galloping into the little town on a of cheering that made the windows

market day upon his great black horse, rattle again. The local papers were full of the duel for days after, and Jabez was so overwhelmed with visits and invitations to theine, the effect of which in the sys- for a good cut at anybody who might dinner that he hardly knew which way

As for Fighting Tom Fitzgerald, that is taken. Whether such effect is need- using it, for the moment he was seen day's work was the last of him, so far as Bullocksham was concerned, for babits of the drinker. Its stimulus is to their heels as if he had been a mad from that morning he never showed his face there again. But, three or four years later, Mr. Hartiboy, the retired And then he would swagger into the landlord of the King George, returnthe farmers used to dine, and take the ing from a tour through southern Eubest seat at table and lay down the law rope, brought word that l'itzgerald had to the whole company, watching all the died at Milan of a fit of apoplexy, caused while to see if anyone would dare to by a walter's impudent question whether he was fond of dried peas.-Golden

But it was very rarely that anyone did Days. Something Silly. Sturdy Sammy Sampson sought sweet Sally Stevens' society so solicitously-several social societies severally said sententiously: "Sallie's sure-We have said that this amiable gen- ly secured Sammie! Sallie's Sammie's tleman was popularly believed to have sweetheart! Sammie's Sallie's slave! quarreled with every man in the parish Society shall soon see something start-Saturday Sallie sat sewing steadily

Sammie said, slyly: "Sweetheart Sallie started-seemingly surprisedsaying: "Sammy Simpson, stop saying For threats, abuse or loud talk of such silly stuff. Spoony sentiment So Sammy straightway said: "Sweet-

Sequel: Sammie Sampson's safely se And Jabez certainly acted up to his cured. Sallie Stevenson's settled. Samwords; for whereas Tom Fitzgerald car- mie's suited. Society's satisfied. - Bosried with him wherever he went an at- ton Journal.

What Every Army Needs. No army is complete without a pres censor, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

SMALL SPOT MAY BE CANCER.

MOST VIOLENT CASES HAVE

The greatest care abould be given to any little sore, pimple or scratch which shows no disposition to heal under ordinary treatment. No one can tell how soon these will develop into Cancer of the worst type. So many people die from Cancer simply because they do not know just what the disease is; they naturally turn themselves over to the doctors, and are forced to submit to a cruel and dat gerous operation—the only treatment which the doctors know for Cancer. The disease promptly returns, however, and is even more violent and destructive than before. Cancer is a deadly poison in the blood, and an operation, plaster, or other external treatment can have no effect whatever upon it. The cure must some from within—the last vestige of poison must be eradicated.



Mr. Wm. Walpole, of Walshtown, S. D., says: "A little blotch about the size of a pea came under my left eye, gradually growing larger, from which shooting pains at intervals ran in all directions. I became greatly alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it Cancer, and advised that it be cut out, but this I could not consent to. I read in my local paper of a cure effected by S. S., and decided to try it. It acted like a charm, the S. S., and decided to try it. It acted like a charm, the Cancer becoming at first irritated, and then discharging very freely. This gradually grew less and then discontinued altogether, leaving a small scab which soon dropped off, and now only a healthy little scar remains where what threatened to destroy my life once held full sway." Positively the only cure for Cancer is Swift's Specific—

8. FOR THE BLOOD

—because it is the only remedy which can go deep enough to reach the root of the disease and force it out of the system permanently. A surgical operation does not reach the blood—the real sent of the disease—because the blood can not be cut away. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

S. S. S. cures also any case of Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Ulcers, Sores, or any ether form of blood disease. Valuable books on Cancar and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

BATTLE AX GOT HIS RIDE.

Was "Heap Injus" and Wanted to Make a Trip on the Smoke Beat.

There was a lull in business at the passenger office of the Star Line steamers the other afternoon and with the lull there came a bleary eyed individual, with a faded sealskin cap, a single suspender hooked to a pair of frayed pantaloons with a shingle nail; a red neck scarf, a sweater and a pair of what might at one time have aspired to the

Archie Scott looked up from a big the coolness with which he spoke of it. page of freight entries and asked what

"Heap Big Chief; heap Injun me "Friends have I many, I thank Want to go to Pokle Hulon by smoke Heaven," quoth Jabez, "but none for boat. Only got quarter. What?" Now it is custom with all steamboat

lines plying the waters of this region more than a quarter in his clothes. Fighting Tom laughed in spite of This custom was started many years ago when the Indians were legion and had much to do with affairs of honor," has been kept up to this day. The clerks that take tickets at the gang-ways of the steamers always quarter, and if the Indian is any kind of Indian at all, no questions are asked.

But "Heap Battle Ax" had trouble. The fact was he didn't look much like friends, the better, for you've got little an Indian, but he had a good explanation ready for the steamboat officials When the clerk at the gangway told Wantley Common was crowded him to go to the office and get a pass, "Now, look here, Mr. Ax, you don't look much like the pictures of Indians

EVERYONE said — although they took care to say it only when he holsters, looking flercely round for an horthern that Source Fitzlike the rest of dem hones', hones'." "You seem to be a pretty live and

healthy Indian for a good one. I guess manager." The traffic manager stopped count-

ing money and looked up at the palefaced Indian. There were serious doubts in his mind. There was a long discussion, mainly on the part of the Indian, which was ended rather abruptly by the traffic manager referring him back to the clerk, without recommendation. The clerk gave Battle Ax an icy negative for a second time. The bell rang. The big wheels be-

gan to churn the water. Away up on the hurricane deck there was a form with a red 'kerchief about his neck. "Me heap good Injun. Me have yet got quarter. What?" he yelled defiantly in the direction of the traffic man-

ager's office.
It was "Heap Battle Ax." How he got aboard, no one knew .- Detroit Free Press.

WHEN DAY'S WORK IS OVER. Mutual Pleasures and Recreations of

Husband and Wife in the Home.

"If wives and sisters would try to supply something restful and quiet on the arrival of the man of the family from his daily work, might not much of the hopelessness and the discentent of home life be done away with?" "Wom en work hard all day, too," was the answer, "and they are just as tired at evening time. You cannot expect a miracle from them." But it seems to some of us that just such things can be expected of them, and that were the miracle performed the hopelessness of existing conditions would vanish. The beginning of the miracle might

be brought about if women, no matter how busy they were, nor what had hap pened during the day, would arrange to spend an hour in some sort of recreation with their husbands every evening. This recreation might take any form, from quiet companionship, as the wife sewed or knitted beside her husband as he smoked, to pleasant work upon some particular hobby which she had taken up because it was interesting to her and interesting to him, and including anything in the form of outdoor life after the supper, walking or taking part in some game with him. The duties of Office west end of Courthouse yard. the two are bound to be of interest to both. It is the pleasures and recreations of both which require study beest and it is part of the wife's field to MRS. R. J. LEWIS fore they can become of common intergive sufficient thought to these matters so that they may become of practical

The miracle might go even a step farther, for the wife or daughter could cultivate some one pursuit or interest of her own, throwing into it her enthusiasm, finding in it refreshment, and making of it an object by which the sympathies and interest of her husband or brother would be aroused. This is only a suggestion, but it has its significance, because it can be tried in any home, because whatever is done just so far a step, and a good step, in riding over, or otherwise. The sail lands to produce some little result. - Harper's tice.

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Notice To Trespassers.

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the heart is the old yellow min chards are barren of stuffing for and peaches have both been of no kind have hat our children w

When

The

The !

& YELLOW

greated the sied pumpkin th d pumpkin,

ollyid rascal so red yor forgivenness (ong you, fre your dear press wn the hill till we meet you a feast to our fruit-hungry

old pumpkin, so much we a dandy when Oh! dear yellow pumpkin, the highly prized pumpkin, Around which our memory doth lovingly May we never forget to plan t you and hoe The time-honored pumpkir that grows on

the vine. And may we all ever kindly remember The friends of our youth hardre passin away. And when our life's journey in triumph is Mey we be remembered as sweetly A. C. Sisson, in Philadelp his Press.

AN ECHO FROM IL CANEY.

by Anna Northend

A of war would have it, I was detailed from our office to "cover" the late contest with Spain. With a pass sign by Secretary Alerrin my breast eth to Tampa

gerous honor, ath delight. ndents and ar a Bay hotel. I v days, but I the full swing end in view. managed to fall into th e good graces of nfantry, and ob-Col. —, of the —tis heartry, and obtained from him a ling permission to puch my tent at company officers. It is join the

iged war cor-

colonel's own mess. The term "messmates" means a great deal. If you mess with men, you know them as they are. You may sit at table with a man at a hotel or at a city boarding house for years and never see anything but an alternation of business and even by clothes. But in camp those who eat thether have the same intense, confined interest, the same ambitions, the same love-of the regiment-and are often drawn together by bonds that can never be sundered. And thus began my friendship with Allan Clave. He was a first lieutenant and adjutant of the regiment. West Point never graduated a boy who was more heart and soul a soldier-it was in his blood and he looked it. Yet he was one of that chival-

life; as a soldier I thought him perfect. In appearance he was thoroughly manly. He had a fine, clear eye that looked at you honestly. There were no subtleties about him. He tied to the regulations, but in everything left to plify. He never became involved in h or in action, and was unsym- forever. pathetic with the entaglements of others. He felt for me the same really tender regard that I felt for him. We were

the highest courage with gentleness.

He would have been miserable in busi-

friends naturally, and, both recognizing this from the first, we waived the usual more or less formal processes which lead to an established friendship. Week after week we waited in heat and suspense. Day after day the sun poured its blistering rays from above, and the and sent the heat up again. There was no escape from it. When a breeze blew refreshingly it brought sand with it, and our dinner was well peppered. But the young adjutant was unconscious of discomfort. He labored early and late in the service of his colonel. The men knew him and loved

him, for he had gained their respect. I remonstrated with him one day about the work that he was doing in that hot "Andy," he said, smiling, "this is war!" But there was in his eyes an in-

tense gleam of happiness which pur-I. O. O. F., meets ev- zled me. Finally marching orders came from ery Wednerday night headquarters. In the dead of night the regiment was loaded on cattle cars and transported to the pier where lay the transports-30 of them. We shared the same tateroom and made the most of such theer as was provided for us. I shall neer forget that miserable voyage nor low we felt when, with the rest of the fleet, we came to a drift in

> grand anddesolate peaks of Cuba with-In sight o Morro. The flet bombarded, the castle answered back, and finally we were land-ed at Daquiri and marched overland to

Siboney, there the remainder of the The tenptation to launch forth into descriptions which do not relate to my story assals me as I write. When my thoughts revert to that time overwhelming memories flock to my penmemories of suffering, horror and hardship, memories of heroism and of selfsacrifice, of sickness and of sudden death, of veariness of body and of soul, of glimpses into the jaws of hell. But will brush all this aside to recount one little incident out of the thousands enacted there worthy of a record

throughout eternity. We had reduced life to the simples equation. We had lived as the wild beasts. Our faces were bronzed and bearded. We had faced hidden fire and had stood unflinchingly by the side of falling comrades. It was the night be fore the onslaught of El Caney. Many of our messmates had fallen. Allan was in command of a battalion. We had a poncho and a blanket between us. I lay down, but Allen walked slowly back and forthnear me his hands clasped behind, his face twentd upward toward those glittering wars that shine with such brilliancy in the southern sky. Then he turned and looked loward his

sleeping men. Finally he sat beside me and peered into my face. "You're not askep?" he whispered. I stretched forth my hand and clasped it for a minute. "Andy," he said, and his voice, usually so calm and matter-of fact, quivered, "I have received my summons from Heaven. I shall be slot to-morrow!"

I lifted myself on my elbow. "Don't!" I exclaimed. "There is one thing that I wish to to you to-night." He figh- had peak of bled inside the breast of his blouse. I gazed at his wondering and with a slow he

realize it"-his voice faltered-"but now I want you to send them to her-

blouse.

I grasped his hand in mine, and then

"She was born to be happy, this must not mar her life-tell her so!" I whispered to myself. And then, "Thank God

hole bored througe it I still have.-Leslie's Popular Monthly. The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence. "What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver

"That's altogether too much," the young American. "It's for a sent to my sister; I'll give you five es for it." "Zen it would be I zat ze present to your sister," said Frenchman, with a deprecatory

Tea derives its beneficial qualities not from its supply of nutrition, for it supplies none, but from its affording theine, the effect of which in the sysis to diminish the waste, thus mak-less food necessary at the time tea ken. Whether such effect is needed depends largely upon the previous

Accounted For. Stable Boss-The mule has kicked

Discriminating. feminine beauty that I really admire."

Not for Him.

Russin's Golden Scepter. The Russian state scepter is made of

when to rest.-Chicago Daily News.

delphia Press.

mosphere of strife and brawling, the kindly old Quaker seemed to put everybody in good humor with the mere sight cheery face.

Sulky old Grimes, the tollman, who officer or soldier.

friend, and I will not be one."

of his compact little figure and bright, He galas more victories and reports

chirping little voice, which sounded just serenely said: "Say Sunday." "Surely,

like the chirrup of a canary: "Men say sure," shouted Sammie, supremely sat-

fewer losses than any other sort of an

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